



RED
GAGST

LALA
PALOOZA

RANCE
KEANE

JANE
ARDEN

TODDY

DIXIE
DUGAN

BOB
TOO

FEATURE

COMICS

AUGUST

CHARLIE CHAN

Starts in This Issue!



GALLANT
KNIGHT



JOE PALOOKA



MICKEY FINN



THE CLOCK



GEORGE,
THROW HIM
BACK IN
THE WATER—
HE ISN'T A
FISH!!



NO. 23 10¢

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE —
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER —
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT —
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
"MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!"



IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE —
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSELE —
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



Make sure your new bike
has a **MORROW**
COASTER BRAKE

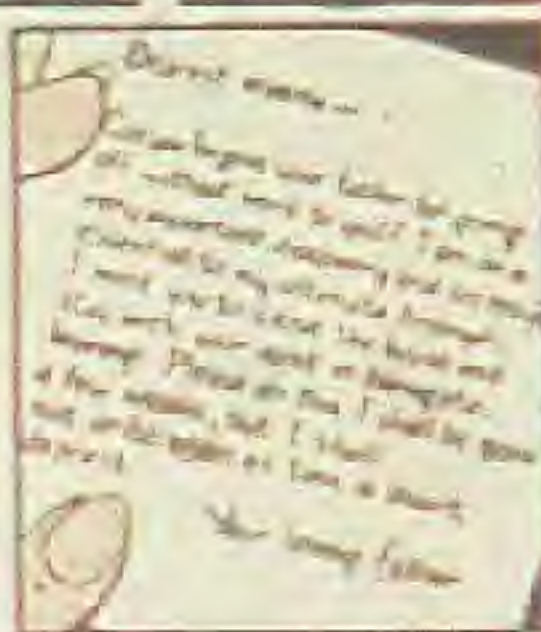
Famous for 40
years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting!
more ball bear-
ings (31) than any
other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bandix Aviation Corporation, Dept. 271, Elmhurst, N. Y.

THEY'VE
BEEN
SEARCHING
FOR HIM
EVER SINCE
HE WAS
KIDNAPPED
BY THE
FRENCH
GOVERNMENT
IN 1941.





FORGET YOU LEAVE LETTER WITH ME AND DO NOT GO TO JAIL YET! PROMISE MOTHER, WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO CHINA, AND HAVE THE ENTIRE FLOCK OF ALL THE WAYS SAVED TOGETHER - I AM A FLOCK OF BIRDS ON STAGE!

BUT HOW? HE HUNG AND HER BATHING TOG WHEN SHE WAS ALONE FOR HIM, PARDON...

ORIGINAL, PARDON ME, BUT CLEVER WAS! WAS DISCOVERED LETTER WHEN HE LEFT TO LOOK!

NOTE THAT THIS NUMBER PERSON HAS DRAWN BLACK BOLD BOUND FIRST LETTER OF EACH LINE IN NOTE FROM PETER CRANDALL

AT LAST WE KNOW SOMETHING! BLIND TRAIL HAS LUCKY CLEARING!

BUT IF FATHER IS IN HIS OLD PRISONER DWELLING HOW COULD HE LETTER HE MAILED IN LONDON?

HAVE HE REPLY-ADDRESS IS ON CONG ISLAND? LETTER WAS WRITTEN AT REQUEST OF CAPTAIN? WORD FOR VACANT HOME IMPORTANT THEREFORE CAPTAIN WANT ADDRESS ASSURED? PARENTS EXPERIMENTS ARE SAID WITH ME! TO WHOM CHARGE, GO TO BURT TOWNSHIP!

OFF THE
SOUTHERN PART
OF DUBLIN,
ON A SMALL
MOUNT OF LAND
RISING TO
CITY BLADE...

ONLY ONE BUILDING STANDS
ON THE ISLAND A DEERSTOCK
AND CHIEF IN A ROCKY CANYON
OVERLOOKING THE FLAT SANDS.

A cartoon illustration of a man in a red suit running away from a large, dark shadow. A speech bubble above him says "SHARP! SHARP!". The scene is set in a room with a desk and a chair in the background.

MY DEAR BARN! YOU CAN BE UNCONSCIOUSLY FIDELITY! I CAN NOT LIKE OTHER YOURSOME OF YOUR WORDS WHEN YOU EXCITE YOURSELF!

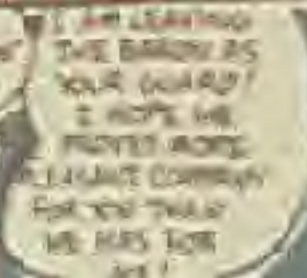
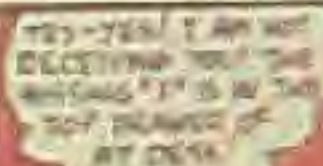
I COULD NOT FIND YOU ON "LADDER"! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D GO AWAY!

SURE! WE'RE IN THE HOUSE - WE'RE DOWN! WE'RE READY FOR LINDON T. DREYER! WE'LL BE THERE! WE ARE!

WITTE: I DO NOT LIKE FOR YOU TO RUN MY LEGS! — I SAW THEM ON DELAY! DELAY!! I WANT ACTION! I HAVE MY MONEY — AND THERE FOREVER IT WILL BEYOND...

*In answer to
Letter of the
14th April*

WHAT DO YOU
WANT TO DO?



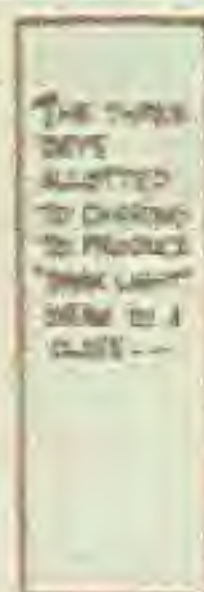
ALLIANCE IN
LONDON, FRANK
AND 'LADDER'
WIFE - KISS
AND MURDER.
RACIALLY
LEAVE THE SCENE
TO MURDERERS
PLACE --

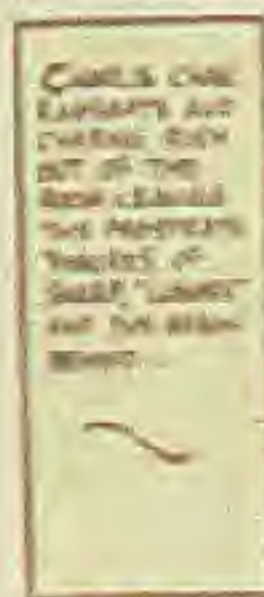


THE ARCADE CAFE
NICHOLAS PARKWAY
AND STYRIA GARDENS
TRAFFIC AT LITTLE
HILL.

THE HISTORY
OF THE
WARRIOR
AND HIS
WIFE.











DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL





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By J. P. McEVY and J. H. STRIEBEL





DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIBEL



Follow Dixie Dugan in the September issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale July 28th.

Gallant knight

by VERNON HEWEL

A GREAT BANQUET IS HELD AT THE COURT OF NIMRIA, WHERE SIR NEVILLE IS HERALDED FOR HIS GALLANT RESCUE OF THE PRINCESS ALICE DUNDERRY.



YOU HAVE DONE GREAT SERVICE TO OUR LAND—THE KING IS PLEASED, AND NOW OFFERS YOU EVERY LIBERTY OF HIS COURT!



THE LAMON COURT LIFE HOLDS NEVILLE'S FASCINATION BUT IS SHORT LIVED—WHEN A MESSENGER HURRIES INTO THE BANQUET HALL...



SIR NEVILLE HAS REACHED THE GREAT COURT OF CHARLES, KING OF THE FRANKS, THAT THE THIRTIEN PRINCES OF THE EAST ARE INVADING THE REALM WHO AID IN WAR IS ASKED OF HIS VASSAL KINGS!



ONCE AGAIN THE FEROY HEART OF SIR NEVILLE POUNDED WITH THE THIRST OF ADVENTURE AND GLORIOUS BATTLE.

BUT SIR RAYMOND OF NIMRIA WAS THE FIRST TO SPRING TO HIS FEET...



WE MUST FIGHT FOR CHARLEMAGNE, O LORD!

YOU MAY TAKE THIS MESSAGE, SIR NEVILLE—MY ARMY WILL RIDE AT ONCE TO JOIN THE KING'S FORCES IN THIS WAR AGAINST THE FRANKS!



LONG LIVE THE KING!!



IN THE EARLY DAWN THE CLANK OF ARMOR, SWORDS, AND THE ARMY MOVES INTO THE BAY.



WE HAVE LEFT THE FAR LAND
OF NAWARIA FAR BEHIND AND
SOON SHOULD REACH THE
PAGAN COUNTRY



LOOK! A HORSEMAN
RIDING HARD THIS WAY!

AS THE SETTING SUN CAST ITS LONG
SHADOWS ACROSS A STRANGE LAND



OF SPACIOUS NOBLE, RIDE YE
STRAIGHT TO THE WALLED
TOWN OF ALBRICA FOR THERE
THE ARMY OF CHURLWANE IS
HARD PRESSED BY THE MANDERS!



THIS IS UNKNOWN LAND TO ME
AND I FEAR, NAUGHT IN MY ARMY
OF TEN THOUSAND
KNOW THE WAY
TO THIS CITY!

FOLLOW ME -
I SHALL LEAD
YOU THERE!



SIR RICHMOND, I LIKE NOT
THIS QUEST - FAR HAVE I
TRAVELED BUT NEVER HAVE
I HEARD OF THE CITY THIS
HELMED KNIGHT SEEMS OF!



OUR HORSES ARE
WEARY - WE WILL
HAVE CAMP FOR
THE NIGHT!

FOR ANOTHER DAY AND NIGHT THE
ARMY PUSHED ON THROUGH A DARK
AND SINISTER FOREST.



I AM CERTAIN THERE IS SOME-
THING AHEAD! - I SAY, LET US
FURTHER QUESTION THE GUIDE
WHO'S VERY FACE WE HAVE
YET TO BEHOLD!



GONE!
HIS TENT
IS EMPTY!



HORSE TRACKS IN THE MUD -
WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED - SOUND
THE ALARM!



THE TRUMPETS OF NAWARIA WERE MINGLED WITH THE CLASH OF TARTAR
CYMBALS AND DRUMS, AND A PAGAN HORDE SWIFT OUT OF THE DARKNESS!



TARTARS! WE HAVE
FALLEN INTO A TRAP!

BUT TWO HAD FORGIVEN THE TREASON
AND SIR MOULIE AND THE KNIGHT,
RICHMOND, HAD SPURRED THEIR MOUNTS
THROUGH THE ENEMY—



TO THE TRACKS OF
THE FALSE GUIDE!



—AND THAT IS HE, STANDING
AND YON TARTAR CHIEF!



LIVE BOLTS OF LIGHTNING THE FURIOUS
KNIGHTS OF CHRISTHOOD STRUCK!!



YOU KNOW TOO WELL THIS
LAND, TARTAR CHIEF! THERE
MUST BE A WAY OUT—NOW
SHOW ME!



QUICK!

FOLLOW
ME!



SUDDENLY
THEY BURST
INTO A
CLEARING—

CHARLEMAGNE!



UPON SEEING THE GLEAMING ARMY
OF THE FRANKS, THE TARTAR WHIRLED
HIS MOUNT AND DASHED INTO THE
DEEP FOREST—



OUR PRISONER
IS ESCAPING!

STOP HIM! HE WILL TRY
TO WARN HIS CHIEF OF
OUR COMING!





AS SIR RAYMOND PLUNGED INTO THE DENSE WOODLAND TO STOP THE WILY ORIENTAL —



SIRE! THE ARMY OF NAVARRA HAS FALLEN INTO A TATAR AMBUSH!



LEAD THE WAY, SIR KNIGHT, THE ROYAL BANNER FLUTTERS BEHIND YOU!



PRAY THEE, SIRE, WE ARE DONE FOR — WE ARE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED AND CAN NEVER BREAK THROUGH THE WALL OF STEEL!

MEANWHILE, THE NAVARRA FORCES FIGHT DESPERATELY...



HARK! DO I HEAR THE DISANT TRUMPETS OF GOOD CHARLEMAGNE — OR CAN IT BE THE HEAT OF BATTLE PLAYING TRICKS ON THE MIND?



HAYAH! THE FOREIGN DEVILS COME!



VERNON HENKEL

—AND WHEN THE SUN ROSE BLOOD-RED OVER THE FIELD OF BATTLE THE SHATTERED TATAR ARMY WAS NO MORE.

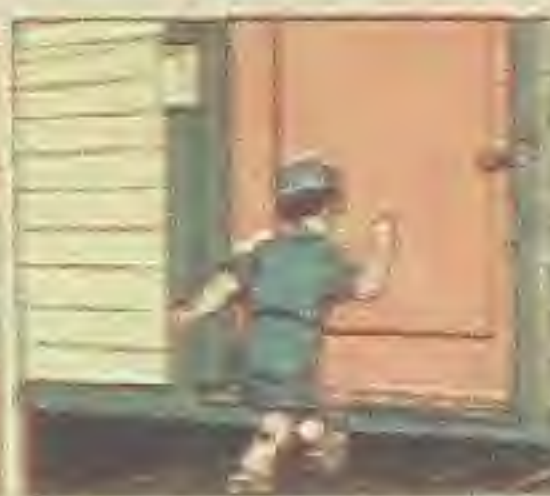


SIR RAYMOND — HE HAS NOT RETURNED!!

TODDY

GEORGE MARCOW





Much of Toddy and Mortimer Murn in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

Published by F. W. ...





NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DODD

OH, MAC—GET THIS WIRE OFF TO MY SON, BUD

YES, SIR, MR. SHEPHERD

AW—WHEN SHALL I SEND IT, SIR?

IN CARE OF THE SHAYING SARA—

MISS MAXWELL HAS THE APPROXIMATE LOCATION OF THE COLLAGE TRAILER—SEND IT TO SEVERAL TOWNS AHEAD OF THAT—AND HURRY!

HOW DO YOU TELL WHEN HAMBURGERS ARE READY, NED?

RAP ON THE SIDE OF THE PAN AND ASK EM IF IT'S ALL RIGHT TO PECK IN!

WOY! COACH BRANT CERTAINLY JAMMED ON THE BRAKES!

MUST BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT—LET'S FLY OUT!

COACH BRANT OF CARTER COLLEGE?

RIGHT

WHAT'S WRONG AT THE NINE? COACH?

YOUR DAD DOESN'T SAY, BUD—NEELEY TELLS US TO GET THERE AS FAST AS WE CAN!

IN YOU GO, HALFBACKS!

NO TELLING WHAT WE'LL FIND THERE!

IF IT ISN'T A RIGHT, I'LL DIE OF A BROKEN HEART!

Ned Brant is continued in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 28th.

SLIM AND TUBBY





OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

ROLLS DEVELOPED

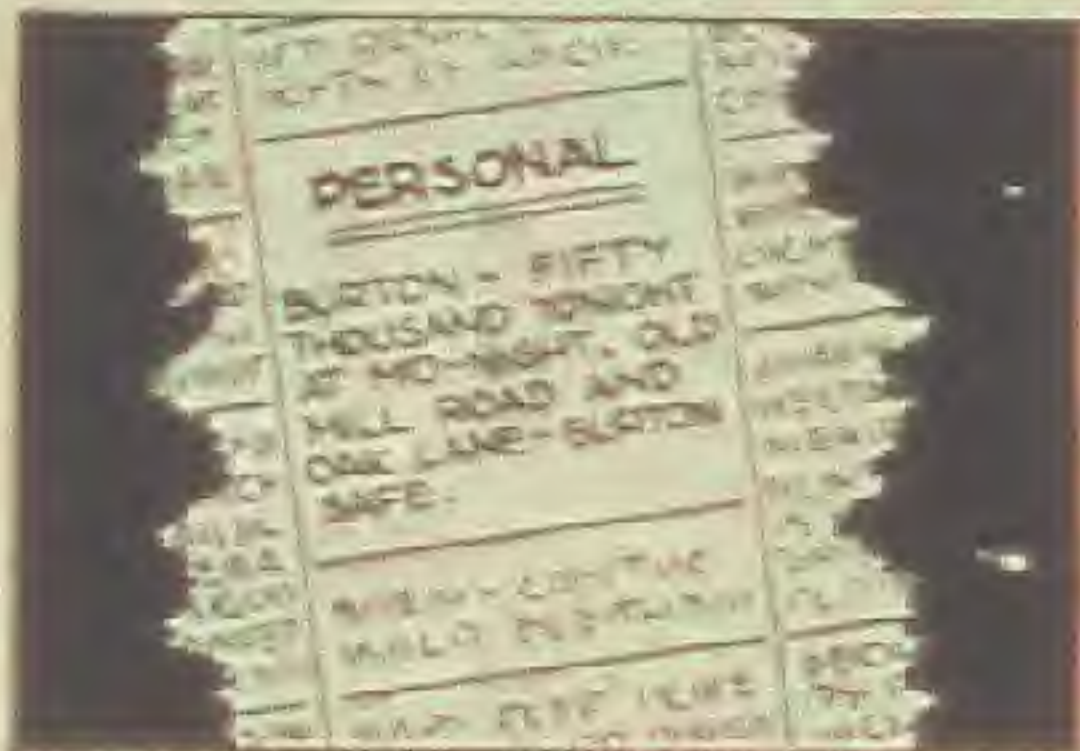
Two 3x7 Double Weight
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CLUB PHOTO SERVICE
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RUBE
GOLDBERG

SIDE SHOW

BUT DEAR-AS MY WIFE
YOU SHOULD HAVE
THE MOST EXPENSIVE
HAT IN THE STORE!



OUR LATEST INVENTION

HOW TO OPEN GARAGE DOORS
WITHOUT LEAVING THE CAR

HOOK ME ON DOVERS
HAT CATCHES RING 15"
IT PULLS PLUS FROM THE
BATHING—WATER MAKES
FLOWER OF BLOOD—
BIG 15" FLES TO FLOWER
PULLING STRONG WHICH
SHOOT'S STARTING
PISTOL AND LITTLE
RUNNER JUMP AND
PULLS DOOR OPEN



HELLO
DE—
BEEN IN
STRAWMAN
YET?

NO—NOW MY
RAY TO A BIG
MISQUEADE
DISGUISED AS A
LEAKY ROOM!



YOU GOTTA
HAVE DINNER
WITH ME
TODAY!



NIBBSY
THAT'S
ME!



WELCOME POLKSI!
EVERYTHING SERVED AT
OUR TABLE IS GROWN
RIGHT HERE ON
OUR OWN
FARM!



OSCAR OLIVERA DE
BOGOTASH SHEET
RAN AWAY TO THE
MOUNTAINS—TO BE
BY HIMSELF—



WHILE POOR HERMAN
BROWN—
HAD THE UNLUCKY
UNFORTUNE TO
LINGER IN TOWN—



BUT SHELF UPON
REACHING HIS HAND
OF REST—
WAS LIES
AND MOVED BY EVERY
KNOWN PERSON



WHILE HERMAN BROWN
HAD THE LUCKY GOOF
HE SIMPLY WENT UP
AND SAT ON THE ROOF



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

—EIGHT PAGES—
WEEKLY



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

THEY'RE STILL TALKING

about the
of baseball
player
Feller

The seven-year-old youngster plays catch for hours with his father near the big barn on their farm at Van Meter, Ia.



At 17 he is signed by the Cleveland American League team, waves goodbye to the family and the farm and swings onto the train he dreamed some day might carry him to the big league.



And then on Sept. 13, 1936 at Cleveland, that modest, lovable high school kid whistles that ball past the Philadelphia Athletics in a manner that leaves the fans stunned.



Three and two on the hitler. The kid is one strike from a new American league streakout record. He throws. The batter swings, misses. His seventeenth strikeout! The crowd is in a frenzy of excitement!



The boy was Bob Feller, who stepped from a cow pasture to a major league diamond and startled the baseball world.



JANE ARDEN

THE PROSECUTOR
COULD BEST
ARCHIE'S
FINGERPRINTS
TO THOSE OF
THE KNIFE
FOUND IN
JANE'S ROOM

THEY MATCH
YOU TRIED
TO STAB
ME

OH NO
NO

I WAS AFTER
BOOTH FOR
TRYING TO
KILL ARCHIE
— I WAS
PROTECTING
HER

YOU'RE
ORLY

I HAD
BOOTH
WOULDN'T
HARM
ME!

YOU'RE
SHIELDING
JANE KAREN!

ONLY BOOTH
COULD HAVE
DONE IT! —
CLAUD AND
I WERE IN
THE HOUSE!

LET'S WRING
ABOUT BOOTH
INSPECTOR —
BUT NEITHER
IS ARCHIE
BUILT!

YOU'RE TOO
TENDER-
HEARTED
TO BE A MAN
AND SERGEANT!

HOW ABOUT THE
WELL — DOES HE KNOW
WHERE IT IS?

STOP THAT
ARCHIE!

YOU WENT
FOOLING
US!

ASK
BOOTH,
THE MAN
DETER WHERE
THE LOVER
WILL BE!

FLAMING AND OTHER
PRINTS ON THE FIRST
MURDER KNIFE OR THE
ONE USED ON KAREN —
BUT THIS IS COVERED
WITH ARCHIE'S
FINGERPRINTS

YES

AND STILL THERE
ISN'T A CLUE TO
JOSE STEPHENS
MURDER AND
THE MISSING

ARCHIE ADMITS
HE TRIED TO
KILL BOOTH —
AND YOU SAY
BOOTH DIDN'T
TRY TO KILL
KAREN —
— YOU SAY
BOOTH WAS
THE ONLY ONE
WHO DID ALL THE
WORK OF
ONE PERSON

OH — I'M SO
FOULY MISLED
— BUT I'M SURE
ARCHIE ISN'T THE
MURDERER OF
JOSE STEPHENS!
HE IS SO
AMPL!

DON'T
WORRY,
KAREN!
I'LL
PROTECT
YOU!

LENA PRY

HOP IN PARSON!
WE'VE GOT TO MEET
THE GAL RIGHT
NOW!

TH PERUSERS
AND THEY
ARE WAITING
TO START
SHOOTING!
DON'T HED
GAYLE!

IF MARRYIN' LENA
WILL MAKE EM
HED, I AIMS TOO
IT RIGHT HEAN
AN NOW!

OH —
I'VE
THIS
REMYN-
TIC!

ST MORE
BOOK
OPEN
PARSON —
LET'S GET
GOING
WITH!

BUT I DIDN'T
SAY TO
MARRY CHEN
YOU YET
— HOLD
UP HIS
FELON
GAL!

AND I AINT
YOU
WENT
ASKED
MAY
TUM

BEEN
ACTIN
NICE
T'Y
GAL

WHIMMIN'
LIKES
LOTS
SOFT
SOADY
WORDS, SON!

WELL I AINT
SPOILIN' ER
RIGHT ON
MY OWN
WEDDIN'
DAY —
NO SURE!

SAY! I CAN
MARCH OUT
THERE AND
MARRY DAVE
RIGHT NOW!

WELL
YE DECIDE
BOUT IT
LEAVE
KNOW!



JANE ARDEN

IT'S EASY TO SEE THAT PROBABLY WAS LEFT OUT OF THE WILL KILLED THE LOSE BEFORE HE READ IT.

THEN ALL FOUR WERE SHOT AND BOOTH CLAD ARDEN AND KAREN IT'S AS MUCH A MYSTERY AS EVER. INSPECTOR

AM SURE WHY IS SURELY HE'S ACCUSING BOOTH TO SAVE HIS OWN NECK?

I DON'T THINK HE'S THE ONE. HE ISN'T TALKING ENOUGH. INSPECTOR

SO THERE WERE NO FINGERPRINTS WHEN THE LOSE WAS KILLED AND WHEN KAREN WAS SHOT?

HAD SHE DO IT MORE SLOWLY?

WHERE IS ARDEN? LOUKE INSPECTOR

IN THE COURSE OF THE INVESTIGATION

INSPECTOR YOU DON'T REALLY THINK HE KILLED THE LOSE? STENOGRAPHER

IF HE ONLY KNOWS WHO WAS LEFT OUT OF THE WILL HE'D

HE'LL PROBABLY BE TOLD THAT

BUT I THINK SOMEONE ELSE WAS NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

JANE'S RIGHT AND I'LL FIND THE WILL IF I HAVE TO TAKE EVERY TREE AND BUSH APART!

IF ANY OF YOU KNOW OF HOOKS THERE MIGHT BE WE CAN LOOK TO-MORROW

NOW IF THE MURDERER KNOWS HE'LL LOOK ALL AROUND HERE FOR THE WILL TO-MORROW HE'LL TRY TO DESTROY IT TONIGHT!

HE'LL SLID INTO THE TOOL-HOUSE AND WITHIN TEN MINUTES

LOOK!

LENA PRY

BETTER START TALKING WITH SUGAR SAY IF THEY'VE GONNA BE A WEDDING!

AS LENA PRY'S RIDE AWAY TO ASK HER TO MARRY HIM

I'VE GOT TO GO NOW

SHUCKS! THOUGHT SPOIL ER SON! FOLKS IS MIGHTY SORT MOSTLY WHEN THEY'S SITTING GALS THURSDAY EVENING

WELL KISS HIM!

IT'S ABOUT A FAIR OUNCE THURSDAY NIGHT AN' THAT'S ALL

YES! AND GAYL IS OUT THERE JUST WAITIN' FOR ME

THAT'S ALL A THURSDAY NIGHT

I'LL GO RIGHT OUT AN' MARRY HIM!

QUICK! THINK OF HER DOTTY DES AN' BERRY WRITERS SONG!

QUICK! THINK OF HER DOTTY DES AN' BERRY WRITERS SONG!

WHY HER COOKIN' IS A BIT TOO GOOD FOR A BUN LIKE THAT DAVE!

WHY LENA! DON'T GO KICKIN' OVER TRACES NOW! I'VE GOT TO TALK DOTTY WITH A LONG

OH! WELL SAY!

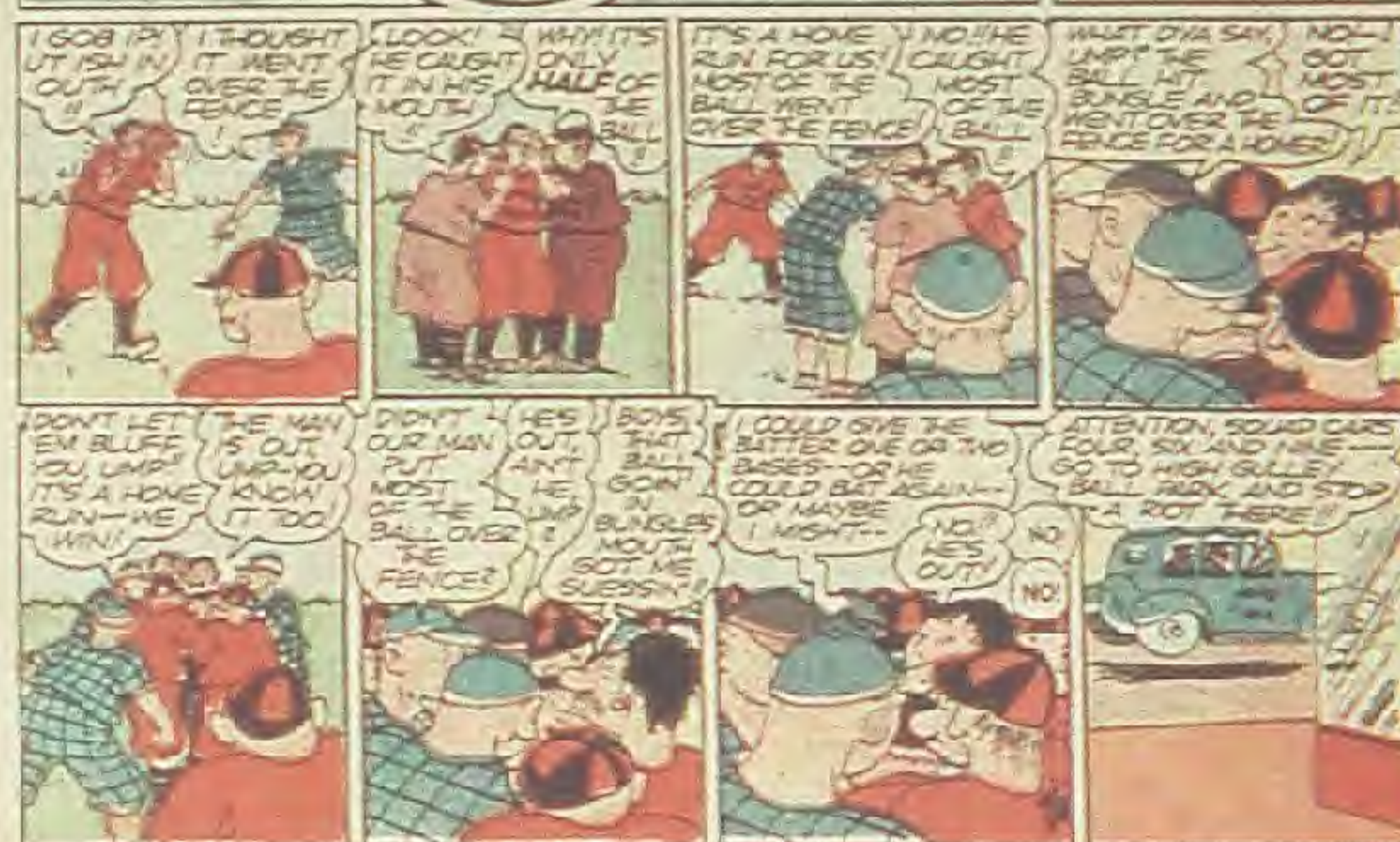




THE BUNGLE FAMILY

CAUSE OF WAR

By R. J. TUNNELL





THE BUNGLE FAMILY

DETERMINED VISITORS

By H. J. TUTTILL



Follow The Bungles in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 28th.

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED



ART
DICKINSON

HELLO, MR. BREWSTER—
WHAT'S WRONG AT
THE CIRCLE 2
RANCH??

PLENTY,
SERGEANT
REYNOLDS—COME
IN QUICK—I'M
AT MY WITS' END!



SERGEANT, MY DAUGHTER
BESS HAS DISAPPEARED—
SHE WENT RIDING YESTERDAY
—AND SHE HASN'T COME
BACK YET—WHAT SHALL
WE DO?—AND LOOK
WHAT I
RECEIVED
THIS
MORNING!!

A
NOTE,
EH??



WELL—IT SAYS "IF YOU
MAKE THAT SHIPMENT
TOMORROW YOU WILL
NEVER SEE YOUR
DAUGHTER AGAIN—
BEHOLD!!"

BUT IF I
DON'T SHIP
THE CATTLE
I WON'T BE
ABLE TO MAKE
THE LAST PAYMENT
ON THE RANCH
MORTGAGE!!



IT'S EVIDENT
THAT SOMEONE
IS AFTER YOUR
RANCH, BREWSTER!
HAVE YOU HAD
ANY OFFERS
LATELY??

WELL, YES—JIM
SLADE WHO OWNS
THE ADJOINING
RANCH ASKED ME
SEVERAL TIMES TO
SELL OUT BUT I
WOULDN'T!



DO YOU KNOW OF
ANY SPECIAL
REASON
WHY HE
SHOULD
WANT
IT?

PERHAPS IT'S BECAUSE
I HAVE CERTAIN
WATER RIGHTS—
B-BUT LET'S FORGET
SLADE—HOW ABOUT
BESS—IT'S SHE
I'M WORRYING
ABOUT!



I'M SURE THEY
WON'T HARM HER,
OLD MAN—JUST
TAKE IT EASY—
I'LL BE BACK
SHORTLY!!

I DON'T CARE IF
I DO LOSE THE
RANCH, BUT I'M
NOT GOING TO
MAKE THAT
SHIPMENT!!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, REYNOLDS
SETS OUT FOR JIM SLADE'S RANCH.







I'M GOING
AHEAD,
DADDY!

FINE, BESS,
BUT BE CAREFUL!

THAT AFTERNOON, WITH BESS ON HAND,
BREWSTER BEGINS THE CATTLE DRIVE!



ALL RIGHT —
LET 'EM HAVE
IT!

BANG!!
BANG!!
BANG!!!

BANG!!
BANG!!!



WHAT WERE THOSE
SHOTS?? LOOK! —
GREAT SCOTT!!
THE HERD IS
STAMPEDING —
BESS! BESS!!

SHE'S CAUGHT IN
THE HERD BOSS —
THERE'S SCALD AN'
HIS MAN — THEY FIRED
THOSE SHOTS — I'LL
GO GET 'EM!



—AND THE GIRL IS SWEEPED ALONG BY
THE WILD CATTLE RUSH—



HELP!

IT'S O.KAY, MISS
BREWSTER — I'M
RIGHT HERE!

BUT, SUDDENLY A HORSEMAN, RIDING
LIKE FURY, APPEARS AMONG THE
STAMPEDING HERD — IT'S REYNOLDS!!



NICE WORK,
BREWSTER!
I SEE YOU'VE
GOT MY MAN!

OH — DADDY,
IT WAS
TERRIBLE!

THANK HEAVEN'S
YOU'RE SAFE,
BESS — — —
SERGEANT — YOU
CAN BOOK SCALD
HERE FOR
ATTEMPTED
MURDER!!



—AND KIDNAPPING TOO!
I GOT FULL CON-
FESSIONS FROM HIS
TWO MEN THAT HE
PLOTED THE
WHOLE THING!
LET'S GO, SCALD!

WE CAN'T THANK
YOU ENOUGH
SERGEANT, CAN
WE, BESS?

A FEW MINUTES LATER —

Another episode of Reynolds Of The Mounted in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RAIN BIRD

By Robert M. Hyatt

Chapter II

He hurried on, and in the distance he could hear the sound of rushing water. It was a sound that struck on his ears like a beautiful melody. Water! Oh, that the parched lands of his people might know that joyous sound! They would . . .

He rounded a turn in the trail when, suddenly, a sharp cry rang out:

"Quien es?"

Broken Bow stopped short and looked about him. He could see no one, even though the moonlight was bright against the lava rocks. "It is I, Broken Bow," he called.

"Come!" directed the voice, and Broken Bow advanced.

"Look before you!"

Broken Bow drew up in horror and an icy hand clutched his spine. A wide trench crossed the trail, and it was filled with squirming, hissing rattlesnakes.

"They will not harm you if you give them no heed," said the strange voice.

Broken Bow made himself strong. He called upon the Great Spirit and the blessed name of his mother, and then stepped forward. This, he knew, was but another test of the true man.

For an arrow's flight he walked through that loathsome mass. At each step he sank to his thighs in snakes and the hissing creatures wrapped themselves about his legs, but not once was he bitten. He heard a chuckle as he regained the good, hard earth of the trail.

"Into the waterfall!" cried the voice.

Ahead, the trail ended at a great stream of water that swirled over a cliff and the noise was thunder in his ears. It seemed a fool's choice to follow the trail into the fall, but the brave Broken Bow would not now be halted.

With a gasp he took the weight of the water upon his shoulders and pressed into the torrent. Of a sudden the beating on his back stopped and he straightened, unbelieving.

"The cave of the Jugardillo!" he gasped.

Before him lay a mighty cavern and in the dim light of candles and lanterns he could see the dull gold of which the ponderous table in the middle of the room was composed. Around it sat the Jugardillos, shaggy-browed, frightful-looking little men playing with lightning bolts.

"Aye, Red One," chuckled a voice in his ear, "the cave of the Jugardillos!"

Broken Bow whirled, and there at his side stood one of the terrible Little Men. His yellow tusks showed in a frightful grin and he jerked a stubby thumb over his shoulder.

"Come and sit in our game," he grunted.

As if in a dream, Broken Bow let himself be led across to the table. The Jugardillos gave no sign of surprise. Instead, they actually made room for him—and then went on playing their weird game.

The leader of the Jugardillos—a squat, flat-faced creature—seemed to know all about Broken Bow's mission. He said, sullenly:

"You would bring a lightning bolt to your country from the land of the Jugardillos. Your people are dying from thirst and starvation. Is it not true?"

Broken Bow admitted that it was.

"Then there are tests which you must pass ere we give you this precious bolt that brings rain." The ugly leader motioned to one of his men.

"Bring us a bolt, O Yugo!" he commanded.

Yugo reached into the air

and snatched a live lightning bolt from where Broken Bow did not see. He brought it over to the table and placed it in the middle, in a golden cup. Broken Bow's eyes opened wide in astonishment at the writhing thing of blue flame that snapped and crackled close to his face and darted like an angry serpent around the heads of the Jugardillos. A lightning bolt! That was what he must carry back to his people . . .

"To win that bolt," said the shaggy leader, "you must answer three questions correctly. I may add that no man has ever answered more than two correctly . . . are you ready?"

Broken Bow nodded.

"Then here is the first," said the strange little man. "Think well . . . What is greater than strength?"

"Truth," Broken Bow replied immediately.

"Right," said the leader. "Now this is a hard one . . . If these three things were offered you—all the land in the world, wisdom, or everlasting life—which would you take?"

"I would take wisdom," said Broken Bow. "For then I might have all the others if I chose."

"Well answered!" cried the leader, and several others nodded their heads sagely.

"Now," said the leader again, "here is the hardest one of all . . . what is greater than life?"

Broken Bow thought a moment. Then:

"Love of your fellow men," he said quietly. "Love is life, and life is love, so our great priests say."

"Bravo!" "Buena!" the cries rang out. "The red one has won his lightning bolt!"

Dawn was streaking the cave entrance when the leader moved back from the table with a grunt.

"Aye," he snarled, "'Tis so. The red one has honestly won his fire bolt."

The speaker rose and, plucking a bubble from the many that floated above the

merry Fountain near the table, put the lightning bolt inside. This he handed to Broken Bow.

"You are a brave man," said the Jugardillo. "Take this and bring life to your dying race."

It was nearly light when the Little Men, with Broken Bow in their midst, started down a steep trail.

The sun was peeping over the mountains when the leader halted and pointed ahead.

"At the end of that trail," he said, "you will find a great flat rock. It is the Place of the Winds. When you reach it, cast your fire bolt over the edge. The trail is perilous, so guard well your bubble until you come to the flat rock. That is all."

Before Broken Bow could voice his thanks, the Jugardillos had vanished. He rubbed his eyes and looked about the sun-baked rocks. But not one of the strange Little Men remained. Clutching his precious burden to his breast, he started forward. The trail sloped dangerously and his moccasins would scarcely hold him to the flinty path.

At last he reached the flat rock. And now indeed the going was treacherous. If the trail had been smooth, this rock was like ice. His feet slipped and slid and he had visions of hurtling over the edge to some unguessed depths.

He had reached the middle of the rock when disaster came. Without warning, his feet flew from under him, the bubble bounded out of his grasp, and the terrific roar that followed blasted his eardrums. He felt himself skidding over the edge. Then came a sickening lurch and he knew that he was falling over the precipice. He tried to cry out but the up-rushing wind drove his words back. His ears rang with the whistling wind and then the heat of his falling body was suddenly dissipated. Cold rain-lashed

against him. Vivid lightning seared his eyeballs and above the roar of sound in his ears he could hear the boom of thunder.

The rain had come! He had fulfilled his mission. His people were saved! He tried to call out to the Great Spirit his thanks . . .

The Sky People rushed from their hogans, hardly believing, but shouting with joy. Rain! Blessed rain! Broken Bow had saved them! The dry dust rose in clouds in the path of the raging torrents that swept down the parched valleys. Brown maize lifted withered heads and blushed green with new life. The cattle and horses, their tongues clacking in burning mouths, rushed to plunge seared muzzles into the cool water.

Life had come again. The Sky People and the Fire People, and those of the Turtle, the Snake, and Dog Clans, called a great council and there was feasting and dancing for nine days and nine nights. On the ninth day the rain ceased. The sun broke through the clouds on a new and beautiful land. There was but one thing to mar the happiness of the tribes—Broken Bow had not returned.

He Who Walks With the Thunder prayed much and

went into the mountains for meditation. One evening, when the cool winds had begun to blow across the filled lands bringing their perfume of ripened maize, and red pimientos, and succious melons, He Who Walks With the Thunder called his people together in the little pueblo.

"My children," he said, "when I sent my only son on his mission of salvation, I knew that he would return again to the valley of the Sky People."

There was a murmur from the crowd.

"I know he would return, and he has," the old priest went on. "He has come back in the form that the Great Spirit saw fit. I have had a vision. Never again will our lands be parched for water and our crops die. Hark, my people, and you will hear his voice—the voice of my son, Broken Bow!"

The tribe stood as if turned to stone. There was a silence as of death over the whole valley. Then, from far off in the twilight, came a soft, crooning call, the mournful note of the Rain Bird.

Broken Bow had come back.

Read **DEVIL'S HEAD**, by **HOWARD M. SHYLL** in the September issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale July 25th.



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

AND HAL GOES IN TO SEE THE
BED-RIDDEN YOUNGSTERS—

PLEASE, MR.
THOMPSON—GIVE
ME YOUR
AUTOGRAPH!

YOU BET!—
ANY DAY
AT ALL
SON!!

LATER—BACK AT THE CIRCUS—

SAY!—
WHAT'S
THE
CRYING
FOR,
RED?

I WAS THINKIN'
ABOUT THEM POOR
KIDS, HAL—ANY
ABOUT H-HOW
LUCKY I AM!

WE GAVE THOSE
CHILDREN A GREAT
SHOW, BOSS—YOU
SHOUL'DVE SEEN
'EM SMILE!

SHELL, HAL—
BY THE WAY—
I'VE HAD A
WIRE ABOUT
SILK FOWLER
TOO!

HIS INJURY CAUSED
HIM TO LOSE HIS
MEMORY FOR THE
TIME BEING! HE'S
STILL PRETTY BAD,
AND MAY BE IN THE
HOSPITAL FOR MONTHS!

JUST BEFORE THE AFTER-
NOON SHOW—

SAY—I'M LOOKIN'
FOR JEFF BANGS
—D'YA KNOW
WHERE I CAN
FIND HIM?

WELL—A
DETECTIVE,
EH?

GREAT
SCOTT!
WHAT'S
WRONG
NOW?

I MUST SEE
YOU ALONE,
MR. BANGS—
IF YOU DON'T
MIND—

OK, HAL—
WHAT DO
YOU THINK
THAT
DETECTIVE
WANTS
HERE
ANYWAY?

I DON'T KNOW—
BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING FOR
US TO WORRY
ABOUT,
DEAR!

GOLLY, JACK—
IT MAKES ME
NERVOUS
HAVIN' A
DETECTIVE
HANGIN'
AROUND!

YEAH! OUR
LUCK'S BEEN
SO BAD THAT
THERE'S NO
TELLIN' WHAT
MIGHT HAPPEN
NEXT!!

--AND THE HOLD-UP FELLAS
PLANNED TO DOUBLE-CROSS
STINGER AND SILK FOWLER
AND KEEP YOUR MONEY!!
THEY FOUGHT DIVIDING IT,
AND WE GOT
'EM—HERE
IS MOST
OF IT!!
BACK!

SO!
SILK
WAS
BEHIND
IT
ALL!!

AS THE HOLD-UP NEWS
SPREAD AROUND—

WELL, IT'S PLAIN
NOW THAT SILK
FOWLER WAS
BEHIND OUR
BAD LUCK!!

NOW I
KNOW
WHY I
NEVER
TRUSTED
THAT
CROOK!

DOT SILK
WAS BAD
ALWAYS,
LOTTA—
I FELT
IT!! YEAH!

HEAVENS,
HUSO—
IT'S A
WONDER HE
DIDN'T TRY
TO POISON
US OR
SOMETHIN'!

AH—DON'T TAKE
IT SO TO HEART,
JEFF! THAT
CROOK SILK
ISN'T EVEN
WORTH THINKING
ABOUT!!

BUT, BOYS—
I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY HE'D
DO A THING
LIKE THAT
TO ME!!

NOW I SEE HOW
SILK AND STINGER
WERE TRYING TO
WRECK MY SHOW
SO I'D GET DIS-
SUSTED AND SELL
OUT TO THEM!!
TSK—
TSK!!

MYRA, JEFF IS PRETTY
BROKEN UP OVER
SILK—I SUESS HE
CAN'T IMAGINE A MAN
BEING THAT CROOKED!

DEAR, WHY
CAN'T WE
DATE HIM
OUT TO THE
RANCH AFTER
WE'RE MARRIED!

RUBE GOLDBERG'S

SIDE SHOW

BRAIN
BERRY
STUDY THIS
PICTURE
AND ANSWER
THESE
QUESTIONS—
HOW FAST IS OVER
YONDER?
YES OR NO?
WHERE DID I
PUT MY GLASSES?

SECOND DOWN
FORTY LOVE!

I'LL
PASS!

OUR LATEST INVENTION

THE SINGLE SUMMER HUSBAND CATCHER

WHEN LADY POWERS
NOISE, ANIMAL SNEEZES—
HE BRACE POINT OF FOOT
—BLASTING WATER
BAG TO—WATER SHOOTS
TRAMP DOWN HE FALLS
ON SWITCH 5"—LIGHTING
BURNER, WHICH HEATS WATER
IN BOTTLE—COOK WITH RAZOR
BLADE BLOWS UP CUTS STRINGS,
SHOWING FALSE LETTER WHICH
SAYS YOURS ROCK, BEFORE MAN



AND I'LL HARRY HER

FOOLISH QUESTIONS #426520

HENRY, FOLK
TRAVELIN'
IN A
TRAILER?

NO—WE'RE
DOIN' THIS
TO SHAKE UP
OUR BABY'S
MEDICINE
BEFORE WE
GIVE IT TO
HIM!!



DEAR --
WOULDN'T
IT BE
GRAND IF HE
HAD MUSIC
SO WE COULD
DANCE IN
THE FIELDS?
YES,
DARLING.

NIBBSY,
THAT'S
ME!!

CANDID CARTOONS

THE
SCULPTOR
HAS
CAUGHT
THE
SPIRIT
OF OUR
EXISTENCE

A TRULY
GREAT
RENDERING
OF THE
ELUSIVE
COSMIC
URGE

SUCH
GRACE!

TONY, YOU
CAN COME
OUT--
THEY
LIKE YOUR
STATUE

I DON'T
TELL EM--
BUT I
DON'T
KNOW WHAT
IT MEANS
MYSELF!!



BLAME
IT ON
WILBUR?



LYDO MCGOOSH HAS
A CAMERA BIRD
HIS CAMERA COST
THOUSANDS, I HEARD



WHILE SHAPPO OTTISH
TOOK PICTURES (DON'T
LAUGH)--HIS BOX ONLY
COST A BUCK AND A HALF



WHILE THIS ONE WAS
TAKEN BY MR. OTTISH,
IS AS NICE AS YOU
COULD EVER WISH!!

LALA PALOZZA



LALA PALOOZA

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

VINCENT'S SPECIAL KEYHOLE
PINDER—VERY HANDY WHEN
RETURNING FROM REUNIONS,
LOOSE MEETINGS AND
MANY PARTIES—



OUR FAMOUS FOOLISH INVENTIONS



OUR NEW AUTOMATIC
SALT SHAKER—
WHEN WAITRESS FORGERS
NOSE LITTLE ANIMAL
SNEEZES—BLOWING
BALL INTO ROCKET—
THIS STARTS SHIRING
MUSIC ON RADIO—
DANCERS
JUMP AROUND—
AND SALT SHAKES
INTO YOUR SOUP.

TELEPHONES



Lala Palooza!

LALA—IT'S
LONESOME BEIN'
HERE ALONE!
I THINK I'LL GO
ALONG TO THE
BEAUTY PARLOR
WITH YOU—

NOW VINCENT—
BEHAVE YOUR-
SELF WHILE I'M
GETTING MY
HAIR—

THERE'S
PROBABLY
SOME
SMELL
DOLLS
IN
HERE—

MISS
LALA—
I HAVE
A GREAT
SURPRISE
FOR
YOU!

NAH! I WON GET
SOME GOOD PHONE
NUMBERS IN
THIS
LON—



SEE I HAVE INSTALLED SEVEN
NEW PATENT ELECTRO-
CONTACT HAIRING MACHINES!
THEY DO AWAY
WITH HAND
CURLING—
HOW
GRAND!

IT'S
LOVELY!
I FEEL
IT
WORKING
ALREADY
TOO!

WHEN YOU SIT ON
THE CHAIR THE
BELL LOWERS
ITSELF—AND THE
MACHINE DOES
THE REST—



PIERRE, IT'S A
WONDERFUL
HAIR—AND
SO QUICK,
TOO!

YES MADAM—
IT'S ALMOST
LIKE MAGIC!

OH! HE'S
RUINING
MY
HAIRING
MACHINE!



WHILE YOU'RE
AT IT, GIVE
HIS HEAD A
NEW SHAPE!

Fellow Lala Palooza in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale July 28th.

RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT
OF THE WEST"

WILL ARTHUR

RANCE AND HIS
SADDLE PARTNER
CHAPS SHALL
HAVE LEFT THE
TOWN OF
TOMBSTONE
AND ARE
HEADED FOR
"WAGONWHEEL"
ANOTHER SMALL
WESTERN
TOWN, WHEN—

I UNDERSTAND
THERE'S A DUDE
RANCH NEAR
HERE, CHAPS!

I ALREADY WONDERED
WHAT THEM THERE
DUDE OUTFITS WERE
LIKE!! WE'RE IN NO
HURRY, LET'S LOOK
THIS ONE OVER!!



Half an hour
later they
ride up to
the mountain
valley ranch.

As they
approach
they see
smoke coming
from one
of the
outbuildings.



HOPPIN' HORNTADS,
RANCE!! THAT SHED
IS ON FIRE!!!



THERE MAY BE
SOME HORSES IN
THERE! I'M GONNA
SEE!!



HELP ME BREAK
THIS DOOR DOWN,
CHAPS!!

RANCE ENTERS
THE BURNING
SHACK—

A FEW MINUTES
LATER HE
REAPPEARS AT
THE DOOR
CARRYING A
LIMP FORM—



WHY-IT'S
A PURTY
GAL!!

THE TWO
ADVENTURERS
CARRY THE
GAL TO THE
RANCH HOUSE—
THEY HAVE
LITTLE
TROUBLE
IN REVIVING
HER—



SHE'S OPENING
HER EYES!!



OHWW!
THIS IS
TERRIBLE!!

JUST TAKE IT EASY,
MISS! IF YOU CAN TELL
US WHAT HAPPENED,
WE'LL TRY TO HELP YOU!

IN JOAN HERE MY BROTHER, JESS, AND I RUN THIS OUTFIT! JESS FIRED TWO OF THE "HANDS" A COUPLE DAYS AGO, AND TODAY THEY CAME BACK AND ROBBED THE PLACE!!



JOAN EXPLAINS THAT HER BROTHER HAD LEFT EARLY IN THE MORNING TO TAKE THE DUDES ON A SIGHTSEEING TRIP TO THE CANYON, THUS LEAVING HER ALONE ON THE RANCH-

THEY GOT AWAY WITH ALL THE DUDES' MONEY AND VALUABLES! IF WE CAN'T MAKE GOOD OUR GUESTS' LOSSES, OUR BUSINESS WILL BE RUINED!!



DID THEY LOWDOWN CRITTERS LOCK YOU IN THE SHED AND SET IT AFIRE?

THEY PUT ME IN SO THAT I COULDN'T INTERFERE WITH THEM WHILE THEY WERE GOING THROUGH THINGS-THE FIRE WAS STARTED BY ONE OF THEIR CIGARETTES, DROPPED BY ACCIDENT!!



WHAT'LL WE DO, DANCE?

WELL, THEY'D PROBABLY HEAD FOR THE MOUNTAINS TO HIDE-AND THEY'D HAVE TO STOP TO WATER THEIR HORSES-



THERE'S ONLY ONE WATERHOLE BETWEEN HERE AND THE MOUNTAINS-IF I CAN GET THERE BEFORE THEY PUSH ON, I'LL HAVE THEM! YOU STAY WITH JOAN, CHAPS!

AW, I AIN'T A HAND TO HANG AROUND PURTY GALS!



RANCE QUICKLY MOUNTS AND RIDES OFF-



AS HE COMES UP CLOSE TO THE WATERHOLE HE DISMOUNTS AND FINDS A WATERBOWL NOT FARE ENOUGH, THE TWO GENTS ARE NEARBY-



BUT, SUDDENLY HE HEARS A RATTLE AND SEES A SNAKE BEFORE HIM-





RANCE'S JY SAVES HIM FROM THE SNAKE BUT IT ALSO WARNS THE BANDITS OF HIS PRESENCE!

LEAPING TO HIS SADDLE, RANCE SPURS HIS MOUNT WITH THE TWO OUTLAWS HOT ON HIS HEELS-



BUT THE BANDIT'S BULLET CHAINS RANCE



THE MOUNT OF THE WEST BOON-FINDER WAS CORNERED AT THE EDGE OF A CLIFF WITHOUT A WEAPON-



THINKING QUICKLY AND CLEARLY, HE TAKES HIS LARIAT FROM HIS SADDLE AND THEN MAKES HIS MOUNT LEAP INTO THE STREAM BELOW!

HE ALSO TOSSES HIS HAT OVER THE EDGE-



NO SOONER IS RANCE SAFELY HIDDEN AMONG THE ROCKS THAN THE TWO OUTLAWS RIDE UP-



BUT RANCE,
MEANWHILE,
HAS MADE
HIS WAY TO
THE TOP OF
A HIGH ROCK!
HE SWINGS
HIS LASSO--



WHAT
THE--!!



BUT RANCE
SAVES
DANCE HIS
LASSO FROM
THE ROCK
AND SWINGS
IT DOWN--



DON'T TRY
ANYTHING!!

TWO HOURS LATER, RANCE RIDES
UP TO THE RANCH WITH HIS PRISONERS--



HE IS MET
BY JOAN AND
CHAPS--

AFTER THE
BANDITS ARE
TIED AND
LOCKED IN
A ROOM,
RANCE GIVES
JOAN THE
RECOVERED
LOOT--



OH, HOW CAN I
EVER THANK YOU,
MR. KEANE?

WELL, BY JUST
CALLING ME RANCE!

AW, COME ON, RANCE,
LET'S PUSH ON TO
WAGONWHEEL!



OH, YOU CAN'T LEAVE YET!
THE DUDES WOULD BE SO
DISAPPOINTED IF THEY
DON'T MEET YOU--AND
BESIDES, I--WELL, I--

I'M SORRY JOAN,
BUT WE'LL HAVE
TO GO--BUT MAYBE
WE'LL VISIT YOU
AGAIN SOME DAY!



YOU KNOW, RANCE, I
DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOU'D DO WHEN GALS
MAKE EYES AT YOU
IF I WASN'T AROUND!!



OFF THE RECORD BY ED REED.



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By Ham Fisher

PUNCHING THE SMALL BALL WILL DEVELOPE YOUR ACCURACY AND TIMING. LEARN HOW TO CONTROL THE BALL--LEAD WITH A PUNCH AND MEET THE REBOUND THE SAME WAY.



THE PROPER MOTION IS A ROLLING MOTION OF THE FISTS. IT'S CALLED THE "TATOO".



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER

ONCE WHEN JOE WAS A SMALL BOY



HEY, FELLAS--LOOK WHAT I GOT!!



GIVE IT TO 'IM, JOE!

SIMON, JOE!



HEY!!

WHY DONT YA HIT 'IM, PALOOKA?



OH WELL--I DONT KNOW THAT--

YA DO NOW!!



BOXIN' GLOVES!!

DAD GOT ME 'EM FOR MY BIRTHDAY! SOME PRESENT, HUH?



TOH TOH!

POW! POW!



JUST A SECON--YOUSE ALWEEZ SHAKE---

AW, SHUT UP AN' FIGHT!!



THEN THAT'S DEFERNT



IM A SWEET FIGHTER--LENNIE PUT 'EM ON!

POP TOOK ME TO A PRIZE-FIGHT WREST!



ESCUSE ME--BUT YOUSE SHOULD ALWEEZ--

SOCK 'IM, JOE!



RELLY--YOUSE SHOULDNT HIT TIL YA SHAKE HANDS--LIKE THEY DO AT PRIZE-FIGHTS--

OHON, FIGHT! I DONT WANT T SHAKE HANDS!!



I ONLY LIKE FIGHTIN' IN SELF-DEFERNT

HA-HA!! HE DONT LIKE FIGHTIN' NEITHER!

YA BOY LIKE A CHAMP, JOE!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By Ham Fisher

SHORT HOOKING THE BAG IS DONE BY SIMPLY STRIKING WITH ONE FIST AND LEAVING THE OTHER AS IN NO. 1...



A GOOD HARD HOOK TO THE BAG AND OTHER BLOWS YOU'VE LEARNED WILL GIVE VARIETY TO THE TATTOO...



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



I THINK I'LL OPEN MY COUNTRY HOME SOON. HE WON'T OPEN OURS UNTIL MY RETURN FROM EUROPE. MINE'S OPEN NOW.



YEAH—I KEEP A LOTTA SERVANTS AN' I KEEP ME ESTATE OPEN SO I WONT HAFTA LAY 'EM OFF. YOU MUST HAVE A HOUSE PARTY, KNOBBY—TO LOVE TO GET IN THE COUNTRY.



—AN' I'M IN A TOUGH SPOT—I HAFTA GIVE A HOUSE PARTY THIS WEEK. WHY'D YOUSE TELL PEOPLE THEN THINGS I RILLY DONT UNDERSTAND—I WONT EVEN GO, NEITHER.



SAY, KID—I'M OKAY—I'VE RENTED A SWELL BIG JOINT FOR A WEEK—SERVANTS AN' ALL. THE AGENT SAID ITS ONE OF TH' SWELLEST BIG JOINTS AROUND TH' OWNER IS AWAY NOW.



THERE SHE IS FOLKS—ITS A MODEST SLACK—BUT TH' BEST I KIN AFFORD NOW! WHY! ITS ER—ER—LOVELY!



POST!! TELL 'EM NOT TAFE ABOUT ME REATIN' TH' JOINT! YESSIR, VERY GOOD SIR!!



SAGG—YOU DONT KNOW ME!! TELL THE OTHERS TOO. BULP'S VERY GOOD, HISS!!



YEAH, THAT'S MY ANCESTER, ADMIRAL WALSH—OVER THERE IS MY GRANDPA, JUDGE WALSH.



THAT'S MY SHIMMIN'—I MEAN TH' FOUNTAIN'S TH' SHIMMIN' POOL IS OVER THERE! ITS LOVELY, KNOBBY—SHOW US THE GARDENS.



HAL, HISS MILLIE!! I'M SURE GLAD TSEE YE—WHEN'S MOM AN' POP COMIN' BACK IT'S AWFUL ROUND HERE. WHY—ER—ER—?



—YER POP'S AGENT BEEN RENTIN' TH' PLACE TO TH' WORST BUNDS! WHY THEY— OH—REALLY, KNOBBY—I'M SO SORRY—WH—WHERE DID HE GO??



WHY, KNOBBY—WHY AINT YOUSE AT THE HOUSE PARTY WITH YER GUESTS? I GIVE IT ALL BACK TO EN! AN' DONT ASK NO MORE QUESTIONS.

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by *Ham Fisher*

TRY LOWERING AND RAISING YOURSELF TEN TIMES IN THE MANNER SHOWN HERE--



FOR A STRONG NECK, LIE BACK LIKE THIS ON YOUR HEAD--KEEP HANDS ON YOUR CHEST



JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka in the September issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale July 25th.

READ

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